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understood, is the highest praise that ambition can covet, or the world bestow. And those who read, (as who does not?) the works of his daughter, will remember, that he was the diligent former of her mind, both in youth and maturity, so that we are in part indebted to him for the admirable works with which she has favored the world.

ART. VII. — *The Linwoods.*

The Linwoods ; or Sixty Years since in America. By the AUTHOR OF HOPE LESLIE, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. New York. 1835.

WE think this work the most agreeable that Miss Sedgwick has yet published. It is written throughout with the same good taste and quiet unpretending power, which characterize all her productions, and is superior to most of them in the variety of the characters brought into action and the interest of the fable. It also possesses the great additional attraction, that it carries us back to the period of the revolutionary war, the heroic age of our country, which, although only sixty years distant, begins already to wear in the eyes of the degenerate money-making men of the present times, a poetical, we had almost said fabulous aspect, and consequently offers the finest scenes and materials for romance.

The fair and unaffectedly modest author disclaims in the preface any competition which might seem to be suggested by the title with the “sixty years since” of the great Scottish enchanter ; but it is nevertheless certain that the plan has something of the same general character, and the work, though executed with less power, possesses in part the same charm. It spreads before us a map of New York, the young emporium of our western world, now rivalling in wealth, population, splendor and luxury, the proudest capitals of Europe ; as she was in her day of small things, a few Dutch-built streets interspersed with gardens and grouped round the battery. We visit the encampment of Washington, nor has our author shrunk from the somewhat hazardous attempt to introduce into her group of characters the grand figure of the hero himself. In this enterprise, she has on the whole acquitted herself with success.

There is no attempt at effect in any of the scenes where Washington appears, but the propriety of his character is always well sustained. Miss Sedgwick has also transported us to the interior of one of the quiet villages of New England, and has delineated very happily from the living models around her, the simple virtues, which then as now distinguished their inhabitants, and at that period were heightened into heroism by a universal, all-absorbing devotion to country. Upon this rich canvas of historical fact, our author has embroidered a very ingeniously contrived and pleasantly told story, diversified, as we have said, with rather more than the usual variety of incidents and characters. Of heroes and heroines the supply is ample, there being, independently of Washington, Lafayette and their illustrious companions in arms, not less than three of each class. The work is wound off by three well assorted marriages. The party dissensions of the day afford a very convenient and natural machinery for creating the distress of the story, and keeping the lovers asunder for the necessary length of time. Some of the characters are well drawn. Isabella Linwood is a splendid vision. Bessie, though we suspect, a favorite with the author, is not quite so much so with us; nor has Kizel secured a very high place in our good graces. But in order to make ourselves more intelligible, we will give a rapid sketch of the story, interspersing, as we proceed, such remarks as occur to us, with occasional extracts as specimens of the style.

The work opens with the appearance of two of the heroines entering Broadway through a wicket garden gate in the rear of a stately mansion fronting on Broad street, which, it seems, was then the court end of our Hesperian London. The house belongs to Mr. Linwood, the patriarch of the plot, and the young ladies are his daughter Isabella and her friend Bessie Lee, who is making her a visit. The young ladies present in their appearance the usual contrast of brown and fair. Isabella is rather young for a principal heroine, having just entered her teens. She is, however, robust and tall for her years, with the complexion of a Hebe, very dark hair, an eye, albeit belonging to one of the weaker sex, that looked as if she were born for empire, it might be over hearts and eyes, and the step of a young Juno. Bessie, who it seems is still younger, and of course not yet in her teens, is a less pretending beauty. She was of earth's gentlest, softest mould, framed

for all the tender humanities, with the destiny of woman written on her meek brow, "thou art born to love, to suffer, to obey ; to minister, and not to be ministered to." These charming persons are accompanied by a colored attendant named Jupiter, a slave of Mr. Linwood, who, with a female character of a similar description, yclept Rose, makes a considerable figure in the story. We cannot say, that the attempt to imitate the negro jargon produces in this or any other work in which we have seen it made, any great effect. The object of the expedition upon which the young ladies are setting forth, is no other than to have their fortunes told by a personage called Effie, who then exercised the profession of a Pythoness in the good city of Gotham. On their way to the oracle, the girls meet with Herbert Linwood the brother of Isabella, and his friend Jasper Meredith, returning from a hunt, and the whole party proceed together to the place of destination. The scene with the Pythoness furnishes perhaps as good a specimen of the dialogue as any other passage, and gives the reader some obscure hints of the subsequent adventures of the persons who are brought into action. We copy the greater part.

" 'What wild goose chase are you on, Belle, at this time of day ?' asked her brother. 'I am sure Bessie Lee has not come to Gallows hill with her own good will.'

" 'I have made game of my goose, at any rate, and given Bessie Lee a good lesson, on what our old schoolmaster would call the potentiality of mankind. But come,' she added, for though rather ashamed to confess her purpose when she knew ridicule must be braved, courage was easier to Isabella than subterfuge. 'Come along with us to Effie's, and I will tell you the joke I played off on Jupe.' Isabella's joke seemed to her auditors a capital one, for they were at that happy age when laughter does not ask a reason to break forth from the full fountain of youthful spirits. Isabella spun out her story till they reached Effie's door, which admitted them, not to any dark laboratory of magic, but to a snug little Dutch parlor, with a nicely-sanded floor, a fireplace gay with the flowers of the season, pionies and Guelder-roses, and ornamented with storied tiles, that, if not as classic, were, as we can vouch, far more entertaining than the sculptured marble of our own luxurious days.

"The pythoness Effie turned her art to good account, producing substantial comforts by her mysterious science ; and played her cards well for this world, whatever bad dealing she might have with another. Even Bessie felt her horror of witchcraft diminished before this plump personage, with a round, good-humored face

looking far more like the good vrow of a Dutch picture than like the gaunt skinny hag who has personated the professors of the bad art from the witch of Endor downwards. Effie's physiognomy, save an ominous contraction of her eyelids and the keen and somewhat sinister glances that shot between them, betrayed nothing of her calling.

"There were, as on all similar occasions, some initiatory ceremonies to be observed before the fortunes were told. Herbert, boylike, was pennyless; and he offered a fine brace of snipe to propitiate the oracle. They were accepted with a smile that augured well for the official response he should receive. Jasper's purse, too, was empty; and after ransacking his pockets in vain, he slipped out a gold sleeve-button, and told Effie he would redeem it the next time he came her way. Meanwhile there was a little by-talk between Isabella and Bessie; Isabella insisting on paying the fee for her friend, and Bessie insisting that 'she would have no fortune told; that she did not believe Effie could tell it, and if she could, she would not for all the world let her.' In vain Isabella ridiculed and reasoned by turns. Bessie, blushing and trembling, persisted. Effie at the same moment was shuffling a pack of cards, as black as if they had been sent up from Pluto's realms; and while she was muttering over some incomprehensible phrases, and apparently absorbed in the manipulations of her art, she heard and saw all that passed, and determined that if poor little Bessie would not acknowledge, she should feel her power.

"Herbert, the most incredulous, and therefore the boldest, first came forward to confront his destiny. 'A great deal of rising in the world, and but little sinking for you, Master Herbert Linwood; you are to go over the salt water, and ride foremost in royal hunting-grounds.'

"'Good! — good! — go on, Effie.'

"'Oh what beauties of horses, — a pack of hounds — High! how the steeds go — how they leap — the buck is at bay — there are you!'

"'Capital, Effie! — I strike him down?'

"'You are too fast, young master, — I can tell no more than I see, — the sport is past, — the place is changed, — there is a battle-field, drums, trumpets, and flags flying. — Ah, there is a sign of danger — a pit yawns at your feet.'

"'Shocking!' cried Bessie; 'pray, don't listen any more, Herbert.'

"'Pshaw, Bessie! I shall clear the pit. Effie loves snipe too well to leave me the wrong side of that.'

"Effie was either offended at Herbert's intimation that her favours might be bought, or perhaps she saw his lack of faith in his laughing eye, and, determined to punish him, she declared that

all was dark and misty beyond the pit ; there might be a leap over it, and a smooth road beyond, — she could not tell, — she could only tell what she saw.

“ ‘ You are a croaking raven, Effie ! ’ exclaimed Herbert ; ‘ I’ll shuffle my own fortune ; ’ and seizing the cards he handled them as knowingly as the sibyl herself, and ran over a jargon quite as unintelligible ; and then holding them fast, quite out of Effie’s reach, he ran on — ‘ Ah, ha — I see the mist going off like the whiff from a Dutchman’s pipe ; and here’s a grand castle, parks, and pleasure-grounds ; and here am I, with a fair blue-eyed lady, within it.’ Then dashing down the cards, he turned and kissed Bessie’s reddening cheek, saying, ‘ Let others wait on fortune, Effie, I’ll carve my own.’ ”

“ Isabella was nettled at Herbert’s open contempt of Effie’s seership. She would not confess nor examine the amount of her faith, nor did she choose to be made to feel on how tottering a base it rested. She was exactly at that point of credulity where much depends on the sympathy of others. It is said to be essential to the success of animal magnetism, that not only the operator and the subject, but the spectators, should believe. Isabella felt she was on disenchanted ground, while Herbert, with his quizzical smile, stood charged, and aiming at her a volley of ridicule ; and she proposed that those who had yet their fortunes to hear should, one after another, retire with Effie to a little inner room. But Herbert cried out, ‘ Fair play, fair play ! Dame Effie has read the riddle of my destiny to you all, and now it is but fair I should hear yours.’ ”

“ Bessie saw Isabella’s reluctance, and she again interposed, reminding her of ‘ mamma, the coming night,’ &c. ; and poor Isabella was fain to give up the contest for the secret conference, and hush Bessie, by telling Effie to proceed.

“ ‘ Shall I tell your *fortin* and that young gentleman’s together ? ’ asked Effie, pointing to Jasper. Her manner was careless ; but she cast a keen glance at Isabella, to ascertain how far she might blend their destinies.

“ ‘ Oh, no, no, — no partnership for me,’ cried Isabella, while the fire which flashed from her eye evinced that the thought of a partnership with Jasper, if disagreeable, was not indifferent to her.

“ ‘ Nor for me, either, mother Effie,’ said Jasper ; ‘ or if there be a partnership, let it be with the pretty blue-eyed mistress of Herbert’s mansion.’ ”

“ ‘ Nay, master, that pretty miss does not choose her fortune told, — and she’s right, — poor thing ! ’ she added, with an ominous shake of the head. Bessie’s heart quailed, for she both believed and feared.

“ ‘ Now, shame on you, Effie,’ cried Herbert ; ‘ she cannot

know any thing about you, Bessie ; she has not even looked at your fortune yet.'

" ' Did I say I *know*, Master Herbert ? Time must shew whether I know or not.'

" Bessie still looked apprehensively. ' Nonsense,' said Herbert ; ' what can she know ? — she never saw you before.'

" ' True, I never saw her ; but I tell you, young lad, there is such a thing as seeing the shadow of things far distant and past, and never seeing the realities, though they it be that cast the shadows.' Bessie shuddered, — Effie shuffled the cards. ' Now just for a trial,' said she ; ' I will tell you something about her, — not of the future ; for I'd be loath to overcast her sky before the time comes, — but of the past.'

" ' Pray, do not,' interposed Bessie ; ' I don't wish you to say any thing about me, past, present, or to come.'

" ' Oh, Bessie,' whispered Isabella, ' let her try, — there can be no harm if you do not ask her, — the past is past, you know, — now we have a chance to know if she really is wiser than others.' Bessie again resolutely shook her head.

" ' Let her go on,' whispered Herbert, ' and see what a fool she will make of herself.'

" ' Let her go on, dear Bessie,' said Jasper, ' or she will think she has made a fool of you.'

" Bessie feared that her timidity was folly in Jasper's eyes ; and she said, ' she may go on if you all wish, but I will not hear her ; ' and she covered her ears with her hands.

" ' Shall I ? ' asked Effie, looking at Isabella ; Isabella nodded assent, and she proceeded. ' She has come from a great distance, — her people are well to do in the world, but not such quality as yours, Miss Isabella Linwood, — she has found some things here pleasanter than she expected, — some not so pleasant, — the house she was born in stands on the sunny side of a hill.' At each pause that Effie made, Isabella gave a nod of acquiescence to what she said ; and this, or some stray words, which might easily have found their way through Bessie's little hands, excited her curiosity, and by degrees they slid down so as to oppose a very slight obstruction to Effie's voice. ' Before the house,' she continued, ' and not so far distant but she may hear its roaring, when a storm uplifts it, is the wide sea, — that sea has cost the poor child dear.' Bessie's heart throbbed audibly. ' Since she came here she has both won love and lost it.'

" ' There, there you are out,' cried Herbert, glad of an opportunity to stop the current that was becoming too strong for poor Bessie.

" ' She can best tell herself whether I am right,' said Effie, coolly.

“ ‘She is right, — right in all,’ said Bessie, retreating to conceal the tears that were starting from her eyes.

“Isabella neither saw nor heard this, — she was only struck with what Effie delivered as a proof of her preternatural skill; and more than ever eager to inquire into her own destiny, she took the place Bessie had vacated.

“Effie saw her faith, and was determined to reward it. ‘Miss Isabella Linwood, you are born to walk in no common track,’ — she might have read this prediction, written with an unerring hand on the girl’s lofty brow, and in her eloquent eye. ‘You will be both served and honored, — those that have stood in kings’ palaces will bow down to you, — but the sun does not always shine on the luckiest, — you will have a dark day, — trouble when you least expect it, — joy when you are not looking for it.’ This last was one of Effie’s staple prophecies, and was sure to be verified in the varied web of every individual’s experience. ‘You have had some trouble lately, but it will soon pass away, and for ever.’ A safe prediction in regard to any girl of twelve years. ‘You’ll have plenty of friends, and lots of suiters — the right one will be —’

“ ‘Oh, never mind, — don’t say who, Effie,’ cried Isabella, gaspingly.

“ ‘I was only going to say the right one will be tall and elegant, with beautiful large eyes, — I can’t say whether blue or black, — but black, I think; for his hair is both dark and curling.’

“ ‘Bravo, bravissimo, *brother* Jasper!’ exclaimed Herbert; ‘it is your curly pate Effie sees in those black cards, beyond a doubt.’

“ ‘I bow to destiny,’ replied Jasper, with an arch smile, that caught Isabella’s eye.

“ ‘I do not,’ she retorted — ‘look again, Effie, — it must not be curling hair, — I despise it.’

“ ‘I see but once, miss, and then clearly; but there’s curling hair on more heads than one.’

“ ‘I never — never should like any one with curling hair,’ persisted Isabella.

“ ‘It would be no difficult task for *you* to pull it straight, Miss Isabella,’ said the provoking Jasper. Isabella only replied by her heightened color; and bending over the table, she begged Effie to proceed.

“ ‘There’s not much more shown me, miss, — you will have some tangled ways, — besetments, wonderments, and disappointments.’

“ ‘Effie’s version of the ‘course of true love never does run smooth,’ interrupted Jasper.

“ ‘But all will end well,’ she concluded ; ‘ your husband will be the man of your heart, — he will be beautiful, and rich, and great ; and take you home to spend your days in merry England.’

“ ‘Thank you, — thank you, Effie,’ said Isabella, languidly. The ‘ beauty, riches, and days spent in England ’ were well enough, for beauty and riches are elements in a maiden’s *beau-ideal* ; and England was then the earthly paradise of the patriotic colonists. But she was not just now in a humor to acquiesce in the local habitation and the name which the ‘ dark curling hair ’ had given to the ideal personage. Jasper Meredith had not even a shadow of faith in Effie ; but next to being fortune’s favorite, he liked to appear so ; and contriving, unperceived by his companions, to slip his remaining sleeve-button into Effie’s hand, he said, ‘ Keep them both ; ’ and added aloud, ‘ Now for my luck, Dame Effie, and be it weal or be it wo, deliver it truly.’

“ ‘Effie was propitiated, and would gladly have imparted the golden tinge of Jasper’s bribe to his future destiny ; but the opportunity was too tempting to be resisted, to prove to him that she was mastered by a higher power ; and looking very solemn, and shaking her head, she said, ‘ There are too many dark spots here. Ah, Mr. Jasper Meredith, disappointment ! disappointment ! the arrow just misses the mark, the cup is filled to the brim, the hand is raised, the lips parted to receive it, then comes the slip ! ’ She hesitated, she seemed alarmed ; perhaps she was so, for it is impossible to say how far a weak mind may become the dupe of its own impostures. ‘ Do not ask me any farther,’ she added. The young people now all gathered round her. Bessie rested her elbows on the table, and her burning cheeks on her hands, and riveted her eyes on Effie, which from their natural blue, were deepened almost to black, and absolutely glowing with the intensity of her interest.

“ ‘Go on, Effie,’ cried Jasper ; ‘ if fortune is cross, I’ll give her wheel a turn.’

“ ‘Ah, the wheel turns but too fast, a happy youth is uppermost.’

“ ‘So far, so good.’

“ ‘An early marriage.’

“ ‘That may be weal, or may be wo,’ said Jasper ; ‘ weal it is,’ he added, in mock heroic ; ‘ but for the dread of something *after*.’

“ ‘An early death ! ’

“ ‘For me, Effie ? Heaven forefend ! ’

“ ‘No, not for you ; for here you are again a leader on a battle-field, the dead and dying in heaps, pools of blood, there’s the end on’t,’ she concluded, shuddering, and throwing down the cards.

“ ‘What, leave me there, Effie! Oh, no, death or victory!’

“ ‘It may be death, it may be victory; it is not given to me to see which.’

“ Jasper, quite undaunted, was on the point of protesting against a destiny so uncertain, when a deep-drawn sigh from Bessie attracted the eyes of the group, and they perceived the color was gone from her cheeks, and that she was on the point of fainting. The windows were thrown open, Effie produced a cordial, and she was soon restored to a sense of her condition, which she attempted to explain, by saying she was apt to faint even at the thought of blood!

“ They were now all ready, and quite willing to bid adieu to the oracle, whose responses not having been entirely satisfactory to any one of them, they all acquiesced in Bessie’s remark, that ‘if it were ever so right, she did not think there was much comfort in going to a fortune-teller.’ ” — pp. 19—30.

Our readers have been made acquainted by this extract with several of the prominent characters in the work. Eliot Lee, the only remaining personage of much note, is the brother of Bessie, and was educated for professional life. At college, he forms an acquaintance with Meredith, but their characters are essentially different. Eliot unites all sorts of intellectual and personal advantages, as a hero of romance naturally should, but is withal an upright, single-hearted, straight-forward yankee, and engages with great fervor on the patriotic side of the revolutionary struggle. Meredith, with nearly the same natural and acquired endowments, is a smooth, polished, hollow-hearted worldling. The characters of both are well sustained and contrasted throughout the work. Meredith, on a visit at the home of his friend Eliot, during a college vacation, falls in love with the fair Bessie, and forms a sort of engagement with her, which occasions the principal distress of the plot. Meredith, upon entering the gay world at New York, and finding himself the glass of fashion and the mould of form at the brilliant assemblies of the British General, soon forgets his little village conquest. On being informed of his desertion, Bessie takes it so much to heart, that she loses her reason, and becomes a sort of modern Ophelia. It seems to be intimated indeed, that the madness of Bessie, and with it perhaps the plot of the work, were suggested by seeing Fanny Kemble in that character. The description of Bessie’s insanity occupies a pretty large space, and is, as we have said, the most ambitious portion of

the work, though not perhaps, on the whole, the most successful. While in this state, she sets off from her native village, upon a pilgrimage to New York, for the purpose of returning to Meredith certain locks of hair and other presents, which she had received from him, as tokens of love. In this particular, she seems to copy the example of her fair prototype in Shakspeare.

“*Ophelia*. — My Lord, I have remembrances of your’s
That I have long longed to re-deliver,
I pray you now receive them.

“*Hamlet*. — No, not I.
I never gave you ought.

“*Ophelia*. — My honored lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich. Their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts seem poor when givers prove unkind.”

On her way to New York, Bessie is taken ill, and detained for a considerable time, under rather embarrassing circumstances, from which she is finally relieved by an accidental encounter with Lafayette, who sends her forward to the city. Here she recovers her reason, but not her lover, who proves unworthy of her, and finally meets with poetical justice, by falling into the toils of a professed coquette. Bessie returns to her native village. “Her pilgrimage was not a long one, and when it ended, the transition was gentle from the heaven she made on earth, to that which awaited her in the bosom of the Father.” We extract the passage which describes the commencement of her insanity.

“The issue of Eliot’s second interview with Washington is already known, so far as it appeared by the despatches sent to New York. He had the consolation of being assured that not a shadow of distrust remained on Washington’s mind. Never man more needed solace in some shape than did Eliot at this conjuncture of affairs. On first going to his quarters he found there a packet from his mother. He pressed it to his lips, and eagerly broke the seal. The following is a copy of his mother’s letter.

“‘My Dear Son,—I perceive by your letters of the first, which, thanks to a kind Providence, have duly come to hand, that it is now nearly three months since you have heard from us. Much good and much evil may befall in three months! Much good have I

truly to be grateful for ; and chiefly that your life and health have been thus precious in the sight of the Lord, and that you have received honor at the hand of man (of which our good Dr. Wilson made suitable mention in his prayer last Sabbath) ; and, as I humbly trust, approval from Him who erreth not.

“ ‘ We have had a season of considerable worldly anxiety. The potato-crop looked poorly, and our whole harvest was cut off by the blight in the rye, which, as you see in the newspapers, has been fatal through Massachusetts. This calamity has been greatly aggravated by the embargo they have laid on their flour in the southern states. The days seems to be coming upon us when “ plenty should be forgotten in our land, and sore famine overspread the borders thereof.” — Our people have been greatly alarmed, and there have been fasts in all our churches, at which the carnally-minded have murmured, saying it would be time enough to fast when the famine came. It is indeed a time of desolation in our land — “ there is no more in our streets the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness — the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride ” — the step of the father and the brother are no more heard on the thresholds, and we stretch our ears for tidings of battles that may lay them in the dust. Think you, my son, that our children’s children, when they bear their sheaves rejoicing, will remember those who sowed in tears, and with much patience and many prayers ?

“ ‘ For my own part, my dear Eliot, I have had but little part in this worldly anxiety, for divers reasons which you will presently see. One care eats up another.’ (Bessie’s name was here written and effaced.) ‘ Let me tell you, before I forget it, that the Lord has smiled on our indian corn. I had an acre put in the south meadow, which you know is a warm soil, and Major Avery tells me it will prove a heavy yield. He is a kind neighbor (as indeed we all try to be in these times), and called yesterday to ask me to get into his wagon, and take a ride, saying it would cheer me up to see the golden ears peeping out of their seared and rustling leaves ; but I did not feel to go.’ — (Here again Bessie’s name was written, and again effaced — the tender mother shrunk from giving the blow that must be given.) ‘ Do not have any care, dear Eliot, about our basket and our store ; they are sufficiently filled. The children are nicely prepared for winter, even to their shoes. Just as I was casting about to see how I should get them made, there being no shoemaker left short of Boston, Jo Warren came home, his term of Service having expired, and he, as he says, “ liking much better the clack of his hammer and lap-stone than bloody-soldiering.”

“ ‘ My dear son, I have written thus far without touching on

the subject which fills heart and mind, day and night. I felt it to be suitable to mention the topics above ; but I knew if I left them to the last you would read without reading, and thereby lose the little comfort they might give you. Fain would I finish here ! God grant you may receive with submission what follows. You know, that never since you went away have I been able to hold out any encouragement to you about your poor sister. The dear child struggled, and struggled, but only exhausted her strength without making any headway ; I shall always think it was from the first more weakness of body than any thing else, for she had such a clear sense of what was right, and this it was that weighed her down—a forever tormenting sense that she was wasting in idle feelings the life and faculties that God had given to her. She tried to assist me in family duties, but she moved about like a machine ; and often her sewing would drop from her hands, and she would sit silent and motionless for hours.

“ ‘ In the first part of Herbert Linwood’s visit she was more like her former self—old feelings seemed to revive, and I had hopes—but oh ! they were suddenly dashed, for immediately on his going away she seemed to have such self-reproach—such fear that she had foregone her duty, and had forever forfeited your confidence. All night she was feverish and restless, and during the day she would sit and weep for hours together. She never spoke but to accuse herself of some wrong committed, or some duty unperformed. When the clock struck she would count the strokes, and you could see the beatings of her heart answer to each of them, and then she would weep till the hour came round again. Dr. Wilson and some of our godly women hoped she was under conviction ; but I did not favor their talking to her as often as they wished, for I knew that her health was much broken, her mind hurt, and that in this harp of a thousand strings (as Dr. Watts says) there were many they did not understand.

“ ‘ Through the summer her flesh has wasted away till she seemed but the shadow of her former self. Her eyes appeared larger, and as the shadows deepened about them, of a deeper blue than ever—sometimes as I looked at her she startled me ; it seemed to me as if all of mortality were gone, and I were standing in the presence of a visible spirit. There was such a speaking, mournful beauty about her, that even strangers—rough people too—would shed tears when they looked at her.

“ ‘ She never spoke of —. If the children mentioned his name, or but alluded to him, she seemed deaf and palsied. She never approached the honeysuckle window where they used to sit. She never touched the books he read to her—her favorite books ; and, one after another, she put away the articles of dress he had noticed and admired. Still with all these efforts she grew worse,

till her reason seemed to me like the last ray of the sun before its sitting.

“ ‘Two weeks ago she brought me a small box, enveloped and sealed, and asked me to keep it for her; “be sure,” she said, “and put it where I cannot find it, mother.” From this moment there was a change — it seemed as if a pressure were taken off, from hour to hour her spirits rose — she talked with more than her natural quickness and cheerfulness, joined in the children’s sports, and was full of impracticable plans of doing good, and wild expectations of happiness to all the world. I saw a fearful brightness in her eye. I knew her happiness was all a dream; but still it was a relief to see the dear child out of misery. I hoped, and feared, and lived on, trembling from hour to hour. Last night she asked me for her box, and when she had taken it she threw her arms around me, and looked in my face smiling — O! what a wild, strange smile it was. She then kissed the children and went to her room. She has scarcely been in bed five minutes together for the last fortnight; and as she did not come to breakfast in the morning, I hoped she was still sleeping, and truly thankful for this symptom that her excitement was abating, I kept the house still. Ten o’clock came, and not yet a sound from her room — an apprehension darted through my mind — I ran up stairs — her room was empty, her bed untouched.

“ ‘On the table, unsealed, was the packet I enclose to you. I read it, and was relieved of my worst fear. Our kind neighbors went yesterday in search of her, but in vain — last evening we heard the tramp of a horse to the door, and it proved to be Steady. He has been kept in the home-pasture all the fall; and it seems the poor child, who you know is so timid that she never before rode without you or — at her side, had put on the saddle and bridle, and started in the night. How far she rode we can only conjecture from Steady appearing quite beat out. Major Avery judges he may have travelled eighty miles, out and home. You will conclude with me that it is Bessie’s intention to go to New York; and when I think of her worn and distracted condition, and the state of the country through which she must pass, filled with hostile armies and infested with outlaws, do I sin in wishing she were dead beneath her father’s roof? If any thing can be done, you will devise and execute — my head is sick with thinking, and my heart faint with sorrowing. Farewell, my beloved son. Let us not, in our trouble, forget that we are all, and especially the poor, sick, wandering lamb of our flock, in the hands of a good Being who doth not willingly afflict us. — Your loving, grieving mother.

S. LEE.’

“The first part of Bessie’s letter appeared to have been written

at intervals, and some weeks antecedent to the conclusion. It was evidently traced with a weak and faltering hand, and had been drenched with her tears. She began:

“Dear brother Eliot,” (the word ‘dear’ was effaced and re-written): ‘I am but a hypocrite to call you “dear” Eliot, for all permitted affections are devoured by one forbidden one. The loves that God implanted have withered and died away under the poisonous shadow of that which has been sown in my heart — think you by the evil spirit, Eliot? I sometimes fear so. I used to love our overkind mother; and for our little brothers and sisters my heart did seem to be one fountain of love, ever sweet, fresh, and overflowing; and you, oh Eliot, how fondly — proudly I loved you! — and now, if I were to see you all dead before me, it would move me no more than to see the idle leaves falling from the trees.

“‘I have read your letters over and over again, till they have fallen to pieces with the continual dropping of my hot tears; but every syllable is imprinted on my heart. You did not believe your “sister would waste her sensibility, the precious food of life, in moping melancholy.” Oh, Eliot, how much better must I have appeared to you than I was! I have been all my life a hypocrite. You believed “my mind had a self-rectifying power,” and I imposed this belief on you! I am ready, now, to bow my head in the dust for it. “Love,” said your letter, “can never be incurable when it is a disease; that is to say, when its object is unworthy.” Ah, my dear brother, there was your fatal mistake. It was I that was unworthy — it was your simple sister that, in her secret, unconfessed thoughts, believed he loved her, knowing all the while that his lot was cast with the high, the gifted, the accomplished — with such as Isabella Linwood, and not with one so humble in condition, so little graced by art as I am. I do not blame him. Heaven knows I do not. “Self-rectifying power!” Eliot, talk to the reed, that has been uprooted and borne away by the tides of the ocean, of its “self-rectifying power.’

“A long interval had elapsed after writing the above; and the subsequent almost illegible scraps indicated a mind in ruins.

“‘Oh, Eliot, pray — pray come home! They are all persecuting me. The children laugh at me, and whistle after me; and when I am asleep, they blow his name in my ears. Mother looks at me, and will not speak.

“‘They have printed up all the books. Even the Bible has nothing but his name from beginning to end. I can never be alone; evil spirits are about me by day and by night; my brother, I am tormented.

“‘Eliot my doom is spoken! Would that it were to cut down the cumberer of the ground! but, no: I am to stand forever on

the desolate shore, stricken and useless, and see the river of life glide by. The day, as well as the night, is solitary ; and there is no joyful voice therein.

“ ‘ Oh, memory ! — memory ! — memory ! what an abyss of misery art thou ! The sun rises and sets, the moon rolls over the sky, the stars glide on in their appointed paths, the seasons change, but no change cometh to me, — the past, the past is all, there is no present, no future !

“ ‘ I remember hearing Dr. Wilson preach about sin deserving infinite punishment, because it was against an infinite Being. I did not comprehend him then — now I do. In vain I raise my faded eyes and fevered hands to God.’

“ ‘ The remainder was written in a more assured and rapid hand.

“ ‘ Eliot, you have seen those days, have you not ? when clouds gathered over the firmament ; when, one after another, each accustomed and dear object was lost in their leaden folds, when they grew darker and came nearer, till you felt yourself wrapped about in their chilling drapery, and you feared the blessed sun was blotted out of Heaven. Suddenly God’s messenger hath come forth — the clouds have risen at his bidding, and unveiled his beautiful works. The smiling waters and the green fields, one after another, have appeared — the silvery curtain has rolled up the mountain’s side, and then melted away and left the blue vault spotless. Such darkness has oppressed me ; such brightness is now above and around me. Dear Eliot how glad you will be ! My spirits dance as they did in my childhood. The days are all clear, and the nights so beautiful, that I would not sleep if I could. Shame to those who steep themselves in the dull and brutish oblivion of sleep, when the intelligences of Heaven are abroad on the moonbeams, calling to the wakeful spirit to leave the drowsy world and join their glorious company — to career from star to star, and commune in the silence of night with their Creator. Oh, Eliot ! I have heard the music “ of the young eyed cherubim ;” and I have learned secrets — wonderful secrets of the offices and relations of spirits, if I were sure you would believe them — but no, you cannot. The mind must be prepared by months of suffering — it must pass a dark and winding way to reach (while yet on earth) the bright eminence where I stand. But take courage, brother ; when you pass the bounds of time you will hear, and see, and know what I now do.

“ ‘ You will wonder how I have escaped the manacles that so long bound me. I cannot explain all now ; but thus much I am permitted to say, that they were riveted by certain charms ; and I cannot be assured of my freedom till I myself return them to him from whom they came — to him who has so long been the lord of

my affections and master of my mind. Then, and not till then, shall I be the "self-rectified" being you blindly but truly predicted. I must go to New York ; but mind, dear brother, and indulge no idle fears for me. Do you remember once when we read Comus together, wishing your sister might, like the sweet lady there, be attended by good spirits — dear Eliot, I am. I cannot always see them through this thick veil of mortality, but I can both hear and feel them.

" " Our good mother pesters me so. Should you think, brother, that a being accompanied as I am, could eat and drink, and lie down and sleep as other mortals do ? Oh, no ! And, besides, are they not all the time praying that the Lord would send corn into their empty garners ; and yet, poor dull souls, they cannot see their prayer is answered, when I am fed and satisfied with bread from Heaven — sweet, spiritual food !

" " I shall set forward to night when they are all steeped in this sleep they would fain stupify me with. I have not hinted to our mother my purpose, because, dear Eliot, since you are gone she is quite different from what she was. I would say it to none but you in the world ? but the truth is, she has grown very conceited, and would not believe one word of my superior knowledge. I do not blame her. The time is coming when the scales will fall from her eyes. Farewell, dear brother, — " angels guard thee," as Jasper used to say ; — I can write his name now with a steady hand — what a change ! They do guard me — the blessed angels ! Once more, fear nothing, Eliot. In going, I am attended by that " strong siding champion, conscience ;" if I stay, he will desert me.'

" Eliot's manliness was vanquished, and he wept like a child over his sister's letter. He reproached himself for having left home. He bitterly reproached himself for not having foreseen the danger of her long, exclusive, and confiding intercourse with Meredith. He was almost maddened when he thought of the perils to which she must have been exposed, and of his utter inability to save her from one of them. The only solacing thought that occurred to him was the extreme improbability that her fragile and exhausted frame could support the fatigues she must encounter, and that even now, while he wept over her letter (a fortnight had elapsed since it was written,), her gentle spirit might have entered upon its eternal rest." — pp. 37 — 49.

Eliot Lee, who, as we remarked, is led by his patriotic zeal in the cause of the country, to enter the army, repairs to the encampment of Washington, by whom he is favorably received, and after a while despatched upon a confidential mission to New

York. Herbert Linwood, who had also entered the army, much to the regret and displeasure of his father, accompanies Eliot in disguise, but is discovered, and in imminent danger of being executed as a spy. The account of his position and of the means that are taken to relieve him, is one of the most interesting portions of the narrative. He finally effects his escape by the aid of the young ladies, who accompany him, and are thus conveyed to the head-quarters of Washington. Here a very good opportunity offers for the respectful attachment which Eliot had formed for the superb Isabella, on his visit to New York, to ripen into a confirmed passion. Whether the machinery employed for bringing the two parties into that propinquity, which, as Miss Edgeworth well observes, is so important a preliminary for match-making, be the most natural that could have been imagined, is a point which we leave it to the better judgment of our author to decide. It is certainly not common for two young ladies of fashion to accompany a young officer in his escape from imprisonment, although the case is not in these latter days, entirely without parallel. We find, in fact, in one of our late newspapers, an advertisement by Mr. Amaziah String, announcing that his two daughters have gone away with a single Lothario, whose name we do not now recollect. The incident is noticed by the editor, under the head of *Two Strings to a Beau*. In the case before us, however, propinquity, though rather violently brought about, has its natural operation. Isabella, who had been upon the point of forming an engagement with Meredith, is luckily extricated from this entanglement, at the very last moment, and just in time to become attached to Eliot. Herbert Linwood, on his part, takes advantage of his forced residence at New York, to captivate the affections of a young damsel from beyond the sea, Lady Anne Seton, a great fortune, who has been brought out by her mother, a marrying dowager, for the express purpose of being thrown in the way of Meredith, and who very properly takes care to throw herself in the way of the right man. Every thing is thus prepared for the two marriages, which conclude the work, and which are celebrated at Morristown, during the hard winter of 1780, under the auspices of Mrs. Washington, Colonel Hamilton giving away the brides.

Jasper Meredith, as we have already said, after basely deserting the gentle Bessie and paying ineffectual court to the superb Isabella, is finally ensnared by a professed coquette

Miss Helen Ruthven. This personage is delineated with a good deal of skill and furnishes some of the best scenes.

“Without being beautiful, by the help of grace and versatility, and artful adaption of the aids and artifices of the toilet, Miss Ruthven produced the effect of beauty. Never was there a more skilful manager of the blandishments of her sex. She knew how to infuse into a glance ‘thoughts that breathe,’ how to play off those flatteries that create an atmosphere of perfume and beauty, how to make her presence felt as the soul of life, and life in her absence a dreary day of nothingness. She had little true sensibility or generosity (they go together;) but selecting a single object on which to lavish her feeling, like a shallow stream compressed into a narrow channel, it made great show and noise. Eliot stood on disenchanted ground; and, while looking on the real shape, was compelled to see his credulous and impulsive friend becoming from day to day more and more enthralled by the false semblance. ‘Is man’s heart,’ he asked himself, ‘a mere surface, over which one shadow chaseth another?’ No. But men’s hearts have different depths. In some, like Eliot Lee’s (who was destined to love once and forever,) love strikes a deep and ineradicable root; interweaves itself with the very fibres of life, and becomes a portion of the undying soul.

“In other circumstances Eliot would have obeyed his impulses, and endeavored to dissolve the spell for his friend; but he was deterred by the consciousness of disappointment that his sister was so soon superseded, and by his secret wish that Linwood should remain free till a more auspicious day should rectify all mischances. Happily, Providence sometimes interposes to do that for us which we neglect to do for ourselves.

“As has been said, Linwood devoted every leisure hour to Helen Ruthven. Sometimes accompanied by Charlotte and Eliot, but oftener without them, they visited the almost unattainable heights, the springs and waterfalls, in the neighborhood of West Point, now so well known to summer travellers that we have no apology for lingering to describe them. They scaled the coal-black summits of the ‘Devil’s Peak;’ went as far heavenward as the highest height of the ‘Crow’s Nest;’ visited ‘Bull-Hill, Butter-Hill, and Break-neck,’ places that must have been named long before our day of classic, heathenish, picturesque, and most ambitious christening of this new world.

“Helen Ruthven did not affect this scrambling ‘thorough bush, thorough briar,’ through streamlet, snow, and mud, from a pure love of nature. Oh, no, simple reader! but because at her home in the glen there was but one parlor; there, from morning till bedtime, sat her father; there of course must sit her mother;

and Miss Ruthven's charms, like those of other conjurers, depended for their success on being exercised within a magic circle, within which no observer might come. She seemed to live and breathe alone for Herbert Linwood. A hundred times he was on the point of offering the devotion of his life to her, when the image of his long-loved Bessie Lee rose before him, and, like the timely intervention of the divinities of the ancient creed, saved him from impending danger. This could not last much longer. On each successive occasion the image was less vivid, and must soon cease to be effective.

"Spring was advancing, and active military operations were about to commence. A British sloop-of-war had come up the river, and lay at anchor in Haverstraw Bay. Simultaneously with the appearance of this vessel there was a manifest change in the spirits of the family at the glen, — a fall in their mercury. Though they were still kind, their reception of our friends ceased to be cordial, and they were no longer urged, or even asked to repeat their visits. Charlotte, who, like her father, was warm and true-hearted, ventured to intimate that this change of manner did not originate in any diminution of friendliness; but, save this, there was no approach to an explanation; and Eliot ceased to pay visits, that it was obvious, were no longer acceptable. The mystery as he thought, was explained, when they incidentally learned that Captain Ruthven, the only son of their friend, was an officer on board the vessel anchored in Haverstraw Bay. This solution did not satisfy Linwood. 'How, in Heaven's name,' he asked, 'should that affect their intercourse with us? It might, to be sure, agitate them; but, upon my word, I don't believe they even know it;' and, in the simplicity of his heart, he forthwith set off to give them information of the fact. Mr. Ruthven told him, frankly and at once, that he was already aware of it, and Helen scrawled on a music-book which lay before them, 'Do you remember Hamlet? "ten thousand brothers!"' What she exactly meant was not plain; but he guessed her intimation to be that ten thousand brothers and their love were not to be weighed against him. Notwithstanding this kind intimation, he saw her thenceforth unfrequently. If he called, she was not at home; if she made an appointment with him, she sent him some plausible excuse for not keeping it; and if they met, she was silent and abstracted, and no longer kept up the show of the passion that a few weeks before had inspired her words, looks, and movements. Herbert was not destined to be one of love's few martyrs; and he was fast reverting to a sound state, only retarded by the mystery in which the affair was still involved. Since the beginning of his intercourse with the family, his Sunday evenings had been invariably spent at the glen; and now he received a note from Miss

Ruthven (not, as had been her wont, crossed and double-crossed,) containing two lines, saying her father was ill, and as she was obliged to attend him, she regretted to beg Mr. Linwood to omit his usual Sunday evening visit! Linwood had a lurking suspicion, — he even just beginning to suspect — that this was a mere pretext; and he resolved to go to the glen, ostensibly to inquire after Mr. Ruthven, but really to satisfy his doubts. It was early in the evening when he reached there. The cheerful light that usually shot forth its welcome from the parlor window was gone; all was darkness. ‘I was a rascal to distrust her!’ thought Linwood, and he hastened on, fearing good Mr. Ruthven was extremely ill. As he approached the house he perceived that, for the first time, the window-shutters were closed, and that a bright light gleamed through their crevices. He put his hand on the latch of the door to open it, as was his custom, without rapping; but no longer, as if instinct with the hospitality of the house, did it yield to his touch. It was bolted! He hesitated for a moment whether to knock for admittance, and endeavor to satisfy his curiosity, or to return as wise as he came. His delicacy decided on the latter course; and he was turning away, when a sudden gust of wind blew open one of the rickety blinds, and instinctively he looked through the window, and for a moment was riveted by the scene disclosed within. Mr. Ruthven sat at a table on which were bottles of wine, olives, oranges, and other most rare luxuries. Beside him sat a young man, his younger self. Linwood did not need a second glance to assure him this was Captain Ruthven. On a stool at her brother’s feet sat Charlotte, her arm lovingly resting on his knee. Mrs. Ruthven was at the other extremity of the table, examining, with enraptured eye, caps, feathers, and flowers, which, as appeared from the boxes and cords beside her, had just been opened.

“But the parties that fixed Linwood’s attention were Helen Ruthven and a very handsome young man, who was leaning on her chair while she was playing on the piano, and bestowing on him those wondrous glances that Linwood had verily believed never met any eye but his! What a sudden disenchantment was that! Linwood’s blood rushed to his head. He stood as if he were transfixed, till a sudden movement within recalling him to himself, he sprang from the steps and retraced his way up the hill-side: — the spell that had well-nigh bound him to Helen Ruthven was broken for ever. No man likes to be duped, — no man likes to feel how much his own vanity has had to do with preparing the trap that ensnared him. Linwood, after revolving the past, after looking back upon the lures and deceptions that had been practiced upon him, after comparing his passion for Helen Ruthven with his sentiments for Bessie Lee, came to the consol-

ing conclusion that he had never loved Miss Ruthven. He was right, — and that night for the first time in many weeks, he fell asleep thinking of Bessie Lee.” — pp. 135—141.

Miss Helen occasionally flies at higher game than the hearts of young lieutenants. She contrives a plot of no less consequence than getting possession of the person of Washington and delivering him up to the British. In the course of her operations she undertakes to go on board a sloop of war lying in the river below West Point. She is seen by the young American officers in a place called Kosciusko's garden, where the gallant Pole himself is also at the time-keeping watch, and which is prettily described in the following passage.

“She spent a sleepless night in contriving, revolving, and dismissing plans on which, as she fancied, the destiny of the nation hung, and, what was far more important in her eyes, Helen Ruthven's destiny. She at last adopted the boldest that had occurred, and which, from being the boldest, best suited her dauntless temper.

“The next morning, Tuesday, with her mother's aid and applause, she effected her preparations; and having fortunately learned, during her residence on the river, to row and manage a boat, she embarked alone in a little skiff, and stealing out of a nook near the glen, she rowed into the current and dropped down the river. She did not expect to escape observation, for though the encampment did not command a view of the Hudson, there were sentinels posted at points that overlooked it, and batteries that commanded its passage. But rightly calculating on the general humanity that governed our people, she had no apprehensions they would fire on a defenceless woman, and very little fear that they would think it worth while to pursue her, to prevent that which she dared to do before their eyes and in the face of day.

“Her calculations proved just. The sentinels levelled their guns at her, in token not to proceed; and she in return dropped her head, raised her hands deprecatingly, and passed on unmolested.

“At a short distance below the Point there is a remarkable spot, scooped out by nature in the rocky bank, always beautiful, and now a consecrated shrine; a ‘Mecca of the mind.’ On the memorable morning of Miss Ruthven's enterprise, the welcome beams of the spring sun, as he rose in the heavens, casting behind him a soft veil of light clouds, shone on the gray rocks, freshening herbage, and still disrobed trees of this lovely recess. From crevices in the perpendicular rocks that wall up the tableland above, hung a sylvan canopy; cedars, studded with their blue

berries, wild raspberries, and wild rose-bushes ; and each moist and sunny nook was gemmed with violets and wild geraniums. The harmonies of nature's orchestra were the only and the fitting sounds in this seclusion ; the early wooing of the birds ; the water from the fountains of the heights, that, filtering through the rocks, dropped from ledge to ledge with the regularity of a water-clock ; the ripple of the waves as they broke on the rocky points of the shore, or softly kissed its pebbly margin ; and the voice of the tiny stream, that gliding down a dark, deep, and almost hidden channel in the rocks, disappeared, and welled up again in the centre of the turfy slope, stole over it, and trickled down the lower ledge of granite to the river. Tradition has named this little green shelf on the rocks 'Kosciusko's Garden ;' but as no traces have been discovered of any other than nature's plantings, it was probably merely his favorite retreat, and as such is a monument of his taste and love of nature.

"The spring is now enclosed in a marble basin, and inscribed with his name who then lay extended beside it ; Kosciusko, the patriot of his own country, the friend of ours, the philanthropist of all, the enemy only of those aliens from the human family who are the tyrants of their kind. An unopen book lay beside him, while, gazing up through the willows that drooped over the fountain, he perused that surpassing book of nature, informed by the spirit and written by the finger of God, — a Book of revelations of his wisdom, and power, and goodness.

"Suddenly his musings were disturbed by approaching footsteps ; and looking up, he saw Linwood and Eliot winding down the steep pathway between the piled rocks. He had scarcely exchanged salutations with them, when the little boat in which Helen Ruthven was embarked shot out from behind the dark ledge that bounded their upward view of the river. They sprang forward to the very edge of the sloping ground. Helen Ruthven would most gladly have escaped their observation, but that she perceived was impossible ; and making the very best of her dilemma, she tossed her head exultingly, and waved her handkerchief. The young men instinctively returned her greeting. 'A gallant creature, by heaven !' exclaimed the Pole ; 'God speed you, my girl !' And when Linwood told him who she was, and her enterprise, so far as he thought fit to disclose it, he reiterated, 'Again then, I say, God speed her ! The sweetest affections of nature should be free as this gushing rill, that the rocks and the earth can't keep back ; I am glad when they throw off the shackles imposed by the cruel and inevitable laws of war.' They continued to gaze after the boat till it turned and disappeared with the river in its winding passage through the mountains." — pp. 145—149.

The intention is to seize Washington in the house of Mr. Ruthven, where he is invited to dine. The young officers who have been led by the conduct of Helen and other circumstances, to conclude that a plot is brewing, communicate their suspicions to the General, and endeavor to persuade him not to keep his engagement, but in vain. Finding him resolute, they place themselves in such a position as to observe every thing that passes, in season to give him timely warning should there be any danger.

“Eliot determined to go to the glen, and station himself on the margin of the river, where, in case (a chance that seemed to him at least possible) of the approach of an enemy’s boat, he should descry it in time to give Washington warning. He went in search of Linwood, to ask him to accompany him; but Linwood was nowhere to be found. He deliberated whether to communicate his apprehensions to some other officer. The confidence the general had manifested had nearly dissipated his apprehensions, and he feared to do what might appear like officiousness, or like a distrust of Washington’s prudence; that virtue, which, to remain, as it then was, the bulwark of his country’s safety, must continue unsuspected.

“Eliot in his anxiety had reached the glen while it was yet daylight; and, careful to escape observation, he stole along the little strip of pebbly beach where a mimic bay sets in, and seated himself on a pile of rocks, the extreme point of a hill that descends abruptly to the Hudson. Here the river, hemmed in by the curvatures of the mountains, has the appearance of a lake; for the passage is so narrow and winding through which it forces its way, that the eye scarcely detects it. Eliot for a while forgot the tediousness of his watch in looking around him. The mountains at the entrance of the Hudson into the highlands, which stand like giant sentinels jealously guarding the narrow portal, appeared, whence he saw them, like a magnificent framework to a beautiful picture. An April shower had just passed over, and the mist was rolling away like the soft folds of a curtain from the village of Newburgh, which looked like the abode of all ‘country contentments,’ as the setting sun shone cheerily on its gentle slopes and white houses, contrasting it with the stern features of the mountains. Far in the distance, the Catskills, belted by clouds, appeared as if their blue heads were suspended in the atmosphere and mingling with the sky, from which an eye familiar with their beautiful outline could alone distinguish them. But the foreground of his picture was most interesting to Eliot; and as his eye again fell on the little glen sleeping in the silvery arms of the rills between which it lies — ‘can this place,’ he thought,

'so steeped in nature's loveliness, so enshrined in her temple, be the abode of treachery! It has been of heartlessness, coquetry, duplicity — ah, there is no power in nature, in the outward world, to convert the bad — blessings it has; blessings manifold, for the good.'

"The spirit of man, alone in nature's solitudes, is an instrument which she manages at will; and Eliot, in his deepening seriousness and anxiety, felt himself answering to her changing aspect. The young foliage of the well-wooded little knoll that rises over the glen had looked fresh and feathery, and as bright as an infant awaking to happy consciousness; but as the sun withdrew its beams, it appeared as dreary as if it had parted from a smiling friend. And when the last gleams of day had stolen up the side of the Crow's Nest, shot over the summit of Break-neck, flushed the clouds and disappeared, and the wavy lines and natural terraces beyond Cold Spring, and the mass of rocks and pines of Constitution Island, were wrapped in sad-colored uniform, Eliot shrunk from the influence of the general desolateness, and became impatient of his voluntary watch.

"One after another the kindly-beaming home lights shot forth from hill and valley, and Eliot's eye catching that which flashed from Mr. Ruthven's window, he determined on a reconnoitre; and passing in front of the house he saw Washington and his host seated at a table, served with wine and nuts, but none of those tropical luxuries that had been manifestly brought to the glen by the stranger-guests from the sloop-of-war. Eliot's heart gladdened at seeing the friends enjoying one of those smooth and delicious passages that sometimes vary the ruggedest path of life. That expression of repelling and immovable gravity, that look of tension (with him the bow was always strained) that characterized Washington's face, had vanished like a cloud; and it now serenely reflected the social affections (bright and gentle spirits!) that, for the time, mastered his perplexing cares. He was retracing the period of his boyhood; a period, however cloudy in its passage, always bright when surveyed over the shoulder. He recalled his first field-sports, in which Ruthven had been his companion and teacher; and they laughingly reviewed many an accident by flood and field. 'No wonder,' thought Eliot, as in passing he glanced at Ruthven's honest, jocund face; 'no wonder Washington would not distrust him!'

"Eliot returned to his post. The stars had come out, and looked down coldly and dimly through a hazy atmosphere. The night was becoming obscure. A mist was rising; and shortly after a heavy fog covered the surface of the river. Eliot wondered that Kisel had not made his appearance; for, desultory as the

fellow was, he was as true to his master as the magnet to the pole. Darkness is a wonderful magnifier of apprehended danger ; and, as it deepened, Eliot felt as if enemies were approaching from every quarter. Listening intently, he heard a distant sound of oars. He was all ear. 'Thank Heaven!' he exclaimed, 'it is Kisel — a single pair of oars, and his flashy irregular dip!' In a few moments he was discernible; and nearing the shore, he jumped upon the rock where Eliot stood, crying out exultingly, 'I've dodged 'em, hey!'

"Softly, Kisel; who have you dodged?"

"Them red birds in their borrowed feathers. Cheat me? No. Can't I tell them that chops, and reaps, and mows, and thrashes, from them that only handles a sword or a gun, let 'em put on what ev'ryday clothes they will?"

"Tell me, Kisel, plainly and quickly, what you mean."

"A command from Eliot, uttered in a tone of even slight displeasure, had a marvellous effect in steadying Kisel's wits; and he answered with tolerable clearness and precision:—"I was cutting 'cross lots before sunset with a mess of trout, long as my arm — shiners! when I stumbled on a bunch of fellows, squatted 'mong high bushes. They held me by the leg, and said they'd come down with provisions for Square Ruthven's folks; and they had not got a pass, and so must wait for nightfall; and they'd have me stay and guide 'em across, for they knew they might ground at low water if they did not get the right track. I mistrusted 'em. I knew by their tongues they came from below; and so I cried, and told 'em I should get a whipping if I didn't get home afore sundown; and one of 'em held a pistol to my head, loaded, primed, and cocked, and told me he'd shoot my brains out if I didn't do as he bid me. "Lo'd o' massy!" says I, 'don't shoot — 'twon't do any good, for I hant got no brains, hey!'"

"Never mind what you said or they said; what did you do?"

"I didn't do nothing. They held me fast till night; and then they pushed their boat out of a kind 'o hiding-place, and come alongside mine, and put me into it, an told me to pilot 'em. You know that sandy strip a bit off t'other shore? I knew my boat would swim over it like a cob,—and I guessed they'd swamp, and they did; diddle me if they didn't!"

"Are they there now?"

"There! not if they've the wit of sucking turkeys. The river there is not deep enough to drown a dead dog, and they might jump in and pull the boat out."

"A slight westerly breeze was now rising, which lifted and wafted the fog so that half the width of the river was suddenly unveiled, and Eliot descried a boat making towards the glen. 'By Heaven! there they are!' he exclaimed; 'follow me,

Kisel;’ and without entering the house, he ran to the stable close by. Fortunately, often having had occasion, during his visits at the glen, to bestow his own horse, he was familiar with the ‘whereabouts;’ and in one instant General Washington’s charger was bridled and at the door, held by Kisel; while Eliot rushed into the house, and in ten words communicated the danger and the means of escape. General Washington said not a word till, as he sprang on the horse, Ruthven, on whose astounded mind the truth dawned, exclaimed, ‘I am innocent.’ He replied, ‘I believe you.’

“Washington immediately galloped up the steep imbowered road to the Point. Eliot hesitated for a moment, doubting whether to attempt a retreat or remain where he was, when Mr. Ruthven grasped his arm, exclaiming, ‘Stay, for God’s sake, Mr. Lee, stay, and witness to my innocence.’ The imploring agony with which he spoke would have persuaded a more inflexible person than Eliot Lee. In truth, there was little use in attempting to fly, for the footsteps of the party were already heard approaching the house. They entered, five armed men, and were laying their hands on Eliot, when Mr. Ruthven’s frantic gestures, and his shouts of ‘He’s safe, he’s safe, he’s escaped ye!’ revealed to them the truth; and they perceived what in their impetuosity they had overlooked, that they held an unknown young man in their grasp instead of the priceless Washington! Deep were the oaths they swore as they dispersed to search the premises, all excepting one young man, whose arm Mr. Ruthven had grasped, and to whom he said, ‘Harry, you’ve ruined me; you’ve made me a traitor in the eyes of Washington; the basest traitor!’ He said, God bless him! that he believed me innocent; but he will not when he reflects that it was I who invited him,—who pressed him to come here this evening,—the conspiracy seemed evident,—undeniable! Oh, Harry, Harry, you and your mad sister have ruined me!’

“The young man seemed deeply affected by his father’s emotion. He attempted to justify himself on the plea that he dared not set his filial feeling against the importance of ending the war by a single stroke; but this plea neither convinced nor consoled his father. Young Ruthven’s associates soon returned, having abandoned their search, and announced the necessity of their immediate return to the boat. ‘You must go with us, sir,’ said Ruthven to his father; ‘for blameless as you are, you will be treated by the rebels as guilty of treason.’

“‘By Heaven, Harry, I’ll not go. I had rather die a thousand deaths,—on the gallows, if I must—I’ll not budge a foot.

“‘He must go, there is no alternative, you must aid me,’ said young Ruthven to his companions. They advanced to seize his

father. 'Off! off!' he cried, struggling against them. 'I'll not go a living man.'

"Eliot interposed; and addressing himself to young Ruthven, said, 'Believe me, sir, you are mistaking your duty. Your father's good name must be dearer to you than his life; and his good name is blasted forever, if in these circumstances he leaves here. But his life is in no danger—none whatever—he is in the hands of his friend, and that friend the most generous, as well as just, of all human beings. You misunderstand the temper of General Washington, if you think he would believe your father guilty of the vilest treachery without damning proof.' Young Ruthven was more than half convinced by Eliot, and his companions had by this time become impatient of delay. Their spirit had gone with the hope that inspired their enterprise, and they were now only anxious to secure a retreat to their vessel. They had some little debate among themselves whether they should make Eliot prisoner; but, on young Ruthven's suggestion that Lieutenant Lee's testimony might be important to his father, they consented to leave him, one of them expressing in a whisper the prevailing sentiment, 'We should feel sheepish enough to gain but a paltry knight, when we expected a checkmate by our move.'

"In a few moments more they were off; but not till young Ruthven had vainly tried to get a kind parting word from his father. 'No, Harry,' he said, 'I'll not forgive you, I can't; you've put my honor in jeopardy, no, never;' and as his son turned sorrowfully away, he added, 'Never, Hal, till this cursed war is at an end.'

"Early next morning Eliot Lee requested an audience of Washington, and was immediately admitted, and most cordially received. 'Thank God, my dear young friend,' he said, 'you are safe, and here. I sent repeatedly to your lodgings last night, and hearing nothing, I have been exceedingly anxious. Satisfy me on one point, and then tell me what happened after my forced retreat. I trust in Heaven this affair is not bruited.'

"Eliot assured him he had not spoken of it to a human being, not even to Linwood; and that he had enjoined strict secrecy on Kisel, on whose obedience he could rely.

"'Thank you, thank you, Mr. Lee,' said Washington, with a warmth startling from him, 'I should have expected this from you, the generous devotion of youth, and the coolness and prudence of ripe age—a rare union.'

"Such words from him who *never* flattered and rarely praised, might well, as they did, make the blood gush from the heart to the cheeks. 'I am most grateful for this approbation, sir,' said Eliot.

“ ‘Grateful! Would to Heaven I had some recompense to make for the immense favor you have done me, beside words; but the importance of keeping the affair secret precludes all other return. I think it will not transpire from the enemy, — they are not like to publish a baffled enterprise. I am most particularly pleased that you went alone to the glen. In this instance I almost agree with Cardinal de Retz, who says, ‘he held men in greater esteem for what they forbore to do than for what they did.’ I now see where I erred yesterday. It did not occur to me that there could be a plot without my friend being accessory to it. I did not err in trusting him. This war has cost me dear; but, thank Heaven, it has not shaken, but fortified, my confidence in human virtue!’ Washington then proceeded to inquire into the occurrences at the glen after he left there, and ended with giving Eliot a note to deliver to Mr. Ruthven, which proved a healing balm to the good man’s wounds.

“Our revolutionary contest, by placing men in new relations, often exhibited in new force and beauty the ties that bind together the human family. Sometimes, it is true, they were lightly snapped asunder, but oftener they manifested an all-resisting force, and a union that, as in some chemical combinations, no test could dissolve.” — pp. 153—163.

Although Miss Ruthven fails in her enterprise upon the person of Washington, she succeeds to her mind, as we have said, with Meredith. The encounter of these two personages, is in the nature of “diamond cut diamond,” but the superior aptitude of the sex for this kind of management, carries the day, and Meredith is fairly out-generalled. We copy the account of the last decisive manœuvre. He has just received a note from Isabella Linwood, in which she gives him a final dismissal, when Helen Ruthven enters.

“Meredith was roused by the soft fall of a footstep. He started, and saw Helen Ruthven, who had just entered, and was in the act of picking up the note he had thrown down. She looked at the superscription, then at Meredith. Her lustrous eyes suffused with tears, and the tears formed into actual drops, rolled down her cheeks. ‘Oh, happy, most happy Isabella Linwood!’ she exclaimed. Meredith took the note from her and threw it into the fire. Miss Ruthven stared at him, and lifted up her hands with an unfeigned emotion of astonishment. After a moment’s pause, she added, ‘I still say, *most* happy Isabella Linwood. And yet, if she cannot estimate the worth of the priceless kingdom she sways, is she most happy? You do not answer me; and you, of all the world, cannot.’ Meredith did not reply by

word; but Miss Ruthvens's quick eye perceived the cloud clearing from his brow; and she ventured to try the effect of a stronger light. 'I cannot comprehend this girl,' she continued; 'she is a riddle; an insolvable riddle to me. A passionless mortal seems to me to approach nearer to a monster than to a divinity deserving your idolatry, Meredith. She cannot be the cold apathetic, statue-like person she appears —'

" 'And why not, Miss Ruthven?'

" 'Simply because a passionless being cannot inspire passion; and yet — and yet, if she were a marble statue, your love should have been the Promethean touch to infuse a soul. Pardon me — *pity* me, if I speak too plainly; there are moments when the heart will burst the barriers of prudence — there are moments of desperation, of self-abandonment, I cannot be bound by those petty axioms and frigid rules that shackle my sex — I cannot weigh my words — I must pour out my heart, even though this prodigality of its treasures 'naught enriches you, and makes me poor indeed!'

"Helen Ruthven's broken sentences were linked together by expressive glances and effective pauses. She gave to her words all the force of intonation and emphasis, which produce the effect of polish on metal, making it dazzling, without adding an iota to its intrinsic value. Meredith lent a most attentive ear, mentally comparing the while Miss Ruthven's lavished sensibilities to Isabella's jealous reserve. He should have discriminated between the generosity that gives what is nothing worth, and the fidelity that watches over an immortal treasure; but vanity wraps itself in impenetrable darkness. He only felt that he was in a labyrinth of which Helen Ruthven held the clew; and that he was in the process of preparation to follow whithersoever she willed to lead him.

"We let the curtain fall here; we have no taste for showing off the infirm of our own sex. We were willing to supply some intimations that might be available to our ingenuous and all-believing young male friends; but we would not reveal to our fair and true-hearted readers the flatteries, pretences, false assumptions, and elaborate blandishments, by which a hackneyed woman of the world dupes and beguiles; and at last (obeying the inflexible law of reaping as she sows) pays the penalty of her folly in a life of matrimonial union without affection — a wretched destiny, well fitting those who profane the sanctuary of the affections with hypocritical worship.

"While the web is spinning around Meredith, we leave him with the wish that all the Helen Ruthvens in the world may have as fair game as Jasper Meredith." — pp. 208—210.

We are tempted, at the risk of extending our extracts too far, to copy the passage describing the scene in which Bessie Lee restores to Meredith, on meeting him in New York, the presents which he had made to her.

“Eliot retreated, and stood still and breathless to catch the first sound of Bessie’s voice ; but he heard nothing but the exclamation, ‘She is not here!’ Eliot sprang forward. The door of the apartment which led into the side passage and the outer door were both open, and Eliot, forgetful of every thing but his sister, was rushing into the street, when Bessie entered the street door with Jasper Meredith! Impelled by her ruling purpose to see Meredith, she had, on her first discovery of the side passage, escaped into the street, where the first person she encountered was he whose image had so long been present to her, that seeing him with her bodily organ seemed to make no new impression, nor even to increase the vividness of the image stamped on her memory. She had thrown on her cloak, but had nothing on her head; and her hair fell in its natural fair curls over her face and neck. Singular as it was for the delicate, timid Bessie to appear in this guise in the public street, or to appear there at all, and much as he was startled by her faded, stricken form, the truth did not at once occur to Meredith. The wildness of her eye was subdued in the dim twilight ; she spoke in her accustomed quiet manner ; and after answering to his first inquiry that she was perfectly well *now*, she begged him to go into Mrs. Archer’s with her, as she had something there to restore to him. He endeavored to put her off with a commonplace evasion — ‘he was engaged now, would come some other time,’ &c., but she was not to be eluded ; and seeing some acquaintances approaching, whose observation he did not care to encounter, he ascended Mrs. Archer’s steps, and found himself in the presence of those whom he would have wished most to avoid ; but there was no retreat.

“Bessie now acted with an irresistible energy. ‘This way,’ said she, leading Meredith into the room she had quitted — ‘come all of you in here,’ glancing her eye from Meredith to Isabella and Eliot, but without manifesting the slightest surprise or emotion of any sort at seeing them, but simply saying with a smile of satisfaction, as she shut the door and threw off her cloak, ‘I expected this — I *knew* it would be so. In visions by day, and dreams by night, I always saw you together.

“It was a minute before Eliot could command his voice for utterance. He folded his arms around Bessie, and murmured, ‘My sister ! — my dear sister !’

“She drew back, and placing her hands on his shoulders and

smiling, said, 'Tears, Eliot, tears! Oh, shame, when this is the proudest, happiest moment of your sister's life!'

" 'Is she mad?' asked Meredith of Isabella.

" Bessie's ear caught his last word. 'Mad!' she repeated — 'I think all the world is mad; but I alone am not! I have heard that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad; men and angels have been employed to save me from destruction.'

" 'It is idle to stay here to listen to these ravings,' said Meredith, in a low voice, to Miss Linwood; and he was about to make his escape, when Isabella interposed; 'Stay for a moment, I entreat you,' she said; 'she has been very eager to see you, and it is sometimes of use to gratify these humors.'

" In the meantime Eliot, his heart burning within him at his sister's being gazed at as a spectacle by that man of all the world from whose eye he would have sheltered her, was persuading her, as he would a wayward child, to leave the apartment. She resisted his importunities with a sort of gentle pity for his blindness, and a perfect assurance that she was guided by light from Heaven. 'Dear Eliot,' she said, 'you know not what you ask of me. For this hour my life has been prolonged, my strength miraculously sustained. You have all been assembled here — you, Eliot, because a brother should sustain his sister, share her honor, and partake her happiness; Jasper Meredith to receive back those charms and spells by which my too willing spirit was bound; and you, Isabella Linwood, to see how, in my better mind, I yield him to you.'

She took from her bosom a small ivory box, and opening it, she said, advancing to Meredith, and showing him a withered rosebud, 'Do you remember this? You plucked it from a little bush that almost dipped its leaves in that cold spring on the hill-side — do you remember? It was a hot summer's afternoon, and you had been reading poetry to me; you said there was a delicate praise in the sweet breath of flowers that suited me, and some silly thing you said, Jasper that you should not, of wishing yourself a flower that you might breathe the incense that you were not at liberty to speak; and then you taught me the Persian language of flowers. I kept this little bud; it faded, but was still sweet. Alas! — alas! I cherished it for its Persian meaning.' Her reminiscence seemed too vivid, her voice faltered, and her eye fell from its fixed gaze on Meredith; but suddenly her countenance brightened, and she turned to Isabella, who stood by the mantelpiece resting her throbbing head on her hand, and added, 'Take it, Isabella, it is a true symbol to you.'

" Eliot for the first time turned his eye from his sister, and even at that moment of anguish a thrill of joy shot through every vein, when he saw Isabella take the bud, pull apart its shrivelled

leaves and throw them from her. Meredith stood leaning against the wall, his arms folded, and his lips curled into a smile that was intended to express scornful unconcern. He might have expressed it, he might possibly have felt it towards Bessie Lee; but when he saw Isabella throw away the bud, when he met the indignant glance of her eye flashing through the tears that suffused it, a livid paleness spread around his mouth, and that feature, the most expressive and truest organ of the soul, betrayed his inward conflict. He snatched his hat to leave the room; Bessie laid her hand on his arm: 'Oh, do not go; I shall be cast back into my former wretchedness if you go now.'

" 'Stay, sir,' said Eliot; 'my sister shall not be crossed.'

" 'With all my heart; I have not the slightest objection to playing out my dumb show between vamping and craziness.'

" 'Villain!' exclaimed Eliot — the young men exchanged glances of fire. Bessie placed herself between them, and stretching out her arms, laid a hand on the breast of each, as if to keep them apart. — 'Now this is unkind — unkind in both of you. I have come such a long and wearisome journey to make peace for all of us; and if you will but let me finish my task, I shall lay me down and sleep — for ever, I think.'

" Eliot pressed the burning hand to his lips. 'My poor, dear sister,' he said, 'I will not speak another word, if I die in the effort to keep silence.'

" 'Thanks, dear Eliot,' she replied; and putting both her arms around his neck, she added, in a whisper, 'do not be angry if he again call me crazy; there be many that have called me so — they mistake inspiration for madness, you know.' Never was Eliot's self-command so tested; and retiring to the farthest part of the room, he stood with knit brows and compressed lips, looking and feeling like a man stretched on the rack, while Bessie pursued her fancied mission. 'Do you remember this chain?' she asked, as she opened a bit of paper, and let fall a gold chain over Meredith's arm. He started as if he were stung. 'It cannot harm you,' she said, faintly smiling, as she noticed his recoiling. 'This was the charm.' She smoothed the paper envelope. 'As often as I looked at it, the feeling with which I first read it shot through my heart — strange, for there does not seem much in it.' She murmured the words pencilled by Meredith on the envelope,

" 'Can she who weaves electric chains to bind the heart,
Refuse the golden links that boast no mystic art?'

" 'Oh, well do I remember,' she cast up her eyes as one does who is retracing the past, 'the night you gave me this; Eliot was

in Boston ; mother was — I don't remember where, and we had been all the evening sitting on the porch. The honey-suckles and white roses were in bloom, and the moon shone in through their leaves. It was then you first spoke of your mother in England, and you said much of the happy destiny of those who were not shackled by pride and avarice ; and when you went away, you pressed my hand to your heart, and put this little packet in it. Yet' (turning to Isabella) 'he never *said* he loved me. It was only my over-credulous fancy. Take it, Isabella ; it belongs to you, who really weave the chain that binds the heart.'

"Meredith seized the chain as she stretched out her hand, and crushed it under his foot. Bessie looked from him to Isabella, and seemed for a moment puzzled ; then said, acquiescingly, 'Ah, it's all well ; symbols do not make nor change realities. This little brooch,' she continued, steadily pursuing her purpose, in the shape of a forget-me-not, 'I think was powerless. What need had I of a forget-me-not, when memory devoured every faculty of my being ? No, there was no charm in the forget-me-not ; but oh, this little pencil,' she took from the box the end of a lead pencil, 'with which we copied and scribbled poetry together. How many thoughts has this little instrument unlocked — what affections have hovered over its point, and gone thrilling back through the heart ! You must certainly take this, Isabella, for there is yet a wonderful power in this magical little pencil — it can make such revelations.'

"'Dear Bessie, I have no revelations to make.'

"'Is my task finished ?' asked Merideth.

"'Not yet — not quite yet — be patient — patience is a great help ; I have found it so. Do you remember this ?' She held up before Meredith a tress of her own fair hair, tied with a raven lock of his in a true-love knot. 'Ah, Isabella, I know very well it was not maidenly of me to tie this ; I knew it then, and I begged it of him with many tears, did I not, Jasper ? but I *kept* it — that was wrong too. Now, Mr. Meredith, you will help me to untie it ?'

"'Pardon me ; I have no skill in such matters.'

"'Ah, is it easier to tie than to untie a true-love knot ? Alas, alas ! I have found it so. But you must help me. My head is growing dizzy, and I am so faint here !' She laid her hand on her heart. 'It must be parted — dear Isabella, you will help me — you can untie a true-love's knot ?'

"'I can sever it,' said Isabella, with an emphasis that went to the heart of more than one that heard her. She took a pair of scissors from the table, and cut the knot. The black lock fell on the floor ; the pretty tress of Bessie's hair curled around

her finger ; — ‘ I will keep this for ever, my sweet Bessie,’ she said ; the memorial of innocence, and purity, and much abused trust.’

“ ‘ Oh, I did not mean that — I did not mean that, Isabella. Surely I have not accused him ; I told you he never *said* he loved me. I am not angry with him — you must not be. You cannot be long, if you love him ; and surely you do love him.’

“ ‘ Indeed, indeed I do not.’

“ ‘ Isabella Linwood ! you *have* loved him.’ She threw one arm around Isabella’s neck, and looked with a piercing gaze in her face. Isabella would at this moment have given worlds to have answered with truth — ‘ No, *never* !’ She would have given her life to have repressed the treacherous blood, that, rushing to her neck, cheeks, and temples, answered unequivocally Bessie’s ill-timed question.

“ Meredith’s eye was riveted to her face, and the transition from the humiliation, the utter abasement of the moment before, to the undeniable and manifested certainty that he had been loved by the all-exacting, the unattainable Isabella Linwood, was more than he could bear, without expressing his exultation. ‘ I thank you, Bessie Lee,’ he cried ; ‘ this triumph is worth all I have endured from your raving and silly drivelling. Your silent confession, Miss Linwood, is *satisfactory*, full, and plain enough ; but it has come a thought too late. Good-evening to you — a fair good-night, to you, sir. I advise you to take care that your sister sleep more and *dream* less.’

“ There is undoubtedly a pleasure, transient it may be, but real it is, in the gratification of the baser passions. Meredith was a self idolater ; and at the very moment when his divinity was prostrate, it had been revived by the sweetest, the most unexpected incense. No wonder he was intoxicated. How long his delirium lasted, and what were its effects, are still to be seen. His parting taunts were lost on those he left behind.

“ Bessie believed that her mission was fulfilled and ended. The artificial strength which, while she received it as the direct gift of Heaven, her highly-wrought imagination had supplied, was exhausted. As Meredith closed the door, she turned to Eliot, and locking her arms around him, gazed at him with an expression of natural tenderness, that can only be imagined by those who have been so fortunate as to see Fanny Kemble’s exquisite personation of Ophelia, and who remember (who could forget it ?) her action at the end of the flower-scene, when reason and nature seeming to overpower her wild fancies, she throws her arms around Laer-

tes's neck, and with one flash of her all-speaking eyes, makes every chord of the heart vibrate." — pp. 180—189.

We take our leave of Miss Sedgwick, on this as on every former occasion of the same kind, with feelings of unmixed gratitude for the entertainment afforded by her works, and for the favorable moral influence which they exercise upon the community. If her literary power be somewhat less than that of her illustrious English prototype, Miss Edgeworth, the moral strain of her writings is of a yet higher cast. There are some appearances in the present state of learning, which seem to show that the ladies are taking the department of novel-writing into their own hands, and if they would all manage it with the ability, taste and discretion of our author, we cannot say that we should deeply regret the revolution. We noticed, not long ago, accounts in the newspapers of a meeting of female writers of this and other countries, at the residence of Miss Sedgwick, in Berkshire. If we were not misinformed by the daily chronicles of the times, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Butler, Miss Martineau, Miss Gould, and we know not how many more of their fair compeers, were assembled upon this occasion, constituting a sort of female *wittenagemote*, or, in more intelligible language, a *Blue Congress*. The newspapers, after dwelling with great enthusiasm upon what was to be expected from this brilliant assemblage, have preserved a rather ominous silence upon what was really done, nor has any authentic journal of proceedings been issued, as far as we are apprised, by the Diet itself. We venture to hope, however, that the object of the fair members of this re-union, was to encourage each other to persevere in the literary pursuits, to which they have all devoted themselves with so much success. There is something in the department of polite learning, and especially of the novel, dwelling as it does, or should do, chiefly on the scenes and characters of domestic life, that renders it a field peculiarly fitted for the graceful genius of the sex. When a man sits down to write a novel, he is apt to consider it as a means of effecting some, as he supposes, more important end, and you find with dismay, before you have finished the first volume, that you are perusing, under this seductive form, a treatise on metaphysics, or an inquiry into the antiquities of Italy, Egypt or China. But a female novelist gives up her whole work, with her heart and soul in it, to the distresses of the lovers. When she has introduced her hero and heroine in all their faultless perfection, at-

tended with the usual accompaniment of other personages, has led them through the mazes of intrigue and adventure for the regular four volumes, and brought them, at the close of the last, to the desired consummation of a fortunate marriage, she is fully satisfied. She would not exchange her achievement for the most perfect political constitution that ever came out of the pigeon-holes of the Abbé Siéyes. And this is as it should be. These, after all, are the novels for our money. We like metaphysics, we like morals, we like history ; but we like them all in their places, and we do not like them dished up in the form of a novel. Let then Miss Sedgwick continue to give us more Clarences, and more Linwoods. Let her accomplished relative bring us acquainted with more of the family of Allen Prescott. Let the interesting stranger who is now refreshing us with the light of her countenance, open again, on her return to her native country, the rich store-house of her Illustrations, taking care, if it please her, that the seasoning of political economy be a little less copious. Let the author of the Affianced One, draw the curtain, and shew us the Two Brides whom she has so long reserved for her private society ; or, if she prefer it, let her weave a new and plaintive tale of some love-lorn Greek, or Italian Princess. Let Mrs. Butler, having now sown her wild oats, string her golden harp to the high strain of which it is capable. Let Miss Gould and Mrs. Sigourney warble their native wood notes wild. Come one ; come all. The public, we think we can assure them, will read, and what is better, buy, as long as they will write. We can add, if it will give them any further satisfaction, that while we continue our critical labors, their charming productions shall never want faithful, however in other respects, incompetent Reviewers. Such of them as are well versed in the mysteries of the craft, are aware that this point is one of no small consequence, and they will be encouraged, we trust, by this assurance, to pursue their useful and agreeable labors, with redoubled assiduity.
